EMOTIONS EXPRESSED IN HATS

TO LOOK LIKE A PICTURE IS A PROPER AMBITION NOW.

A Hat May Be Worn Any Way So Long as It Shows the Individuality of the Wearer, —And It Need Not Match the Gown —Plumes in Favor for Trimming.

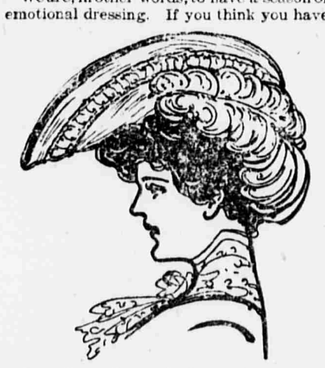
If you are positive you look like some old painting, you may wear your hat front or back, flaring up on one side and down on the other, or tilting over the eyes, as possibly your Cavalier ancestor did; or sternly straight as did the Roundhead; or back with the wide brim serving as a rich background for your beauty, as Gainsborough will show you. You may in fact wear it any way so that you're picturesque and express some individuality in color scheme or material.

If you can remember the Horse Show of two years ago you will recall the pathetic sight of hundreds of pretty women all dressed exactly alike, and indeed so strictly in line with one conventional style that in a remote way there was actually suggested a family resemblance.

Every woman wore a pompadour pulled down toward the left eye with an attempt at coquetry. Every gown was of light cloth, and every skirt skin tight. It was *grande mode* to be undistinguishable, to hide one's temperament, to be negatively correct. In fact every woman looked as much like the woman who created the mode as was possible without infringing the copyright.

Last year a few artists painted some famous women picturesquely attired, a London woman in June went about in imitation of herself as she appeared at the Royal Academy, and then some beautiful Americans attended dances attired as they had been painted by Amalie Küsaner. One girl delighted a luncheon party in a gown copied from a Duchess ancestor of her husband. From all this came the change in fashions. This fall's Horse Show will look like an assemblage of living pictures, and any resemblance of dress will be accidental.

We are, in other words, to have a season of emotional dressing. If you think you have



a flamelike spirit and adore red, you may look like an October Adirondack landscape. If you fancy yourself, nay, if you are, captivatingly unconventional, as you have pictured Nell Gwynn, you may wear just such a hat as she did with waving plume and gorgeous color, or you may wear the dress and hat of the Pompadour or of any of the ladies famous in the courts of the Louis, whose taste was interesting.

You may load a hat with plumes or jewels or laces and you may perch it at the angle that makes you loveliest. You may show any whim or mood through the milliner's art. Only you may not lack audacity or show a servile care lest your hat jar with dress or coat.

So in purchasing hats this fall it is wise

first to decide about your frocks, lest peradventure by some mischance they should match. Or you may go about your millinery shopping as though hats were the only articles to be considered in relation to your profile, complexion and coiffure.

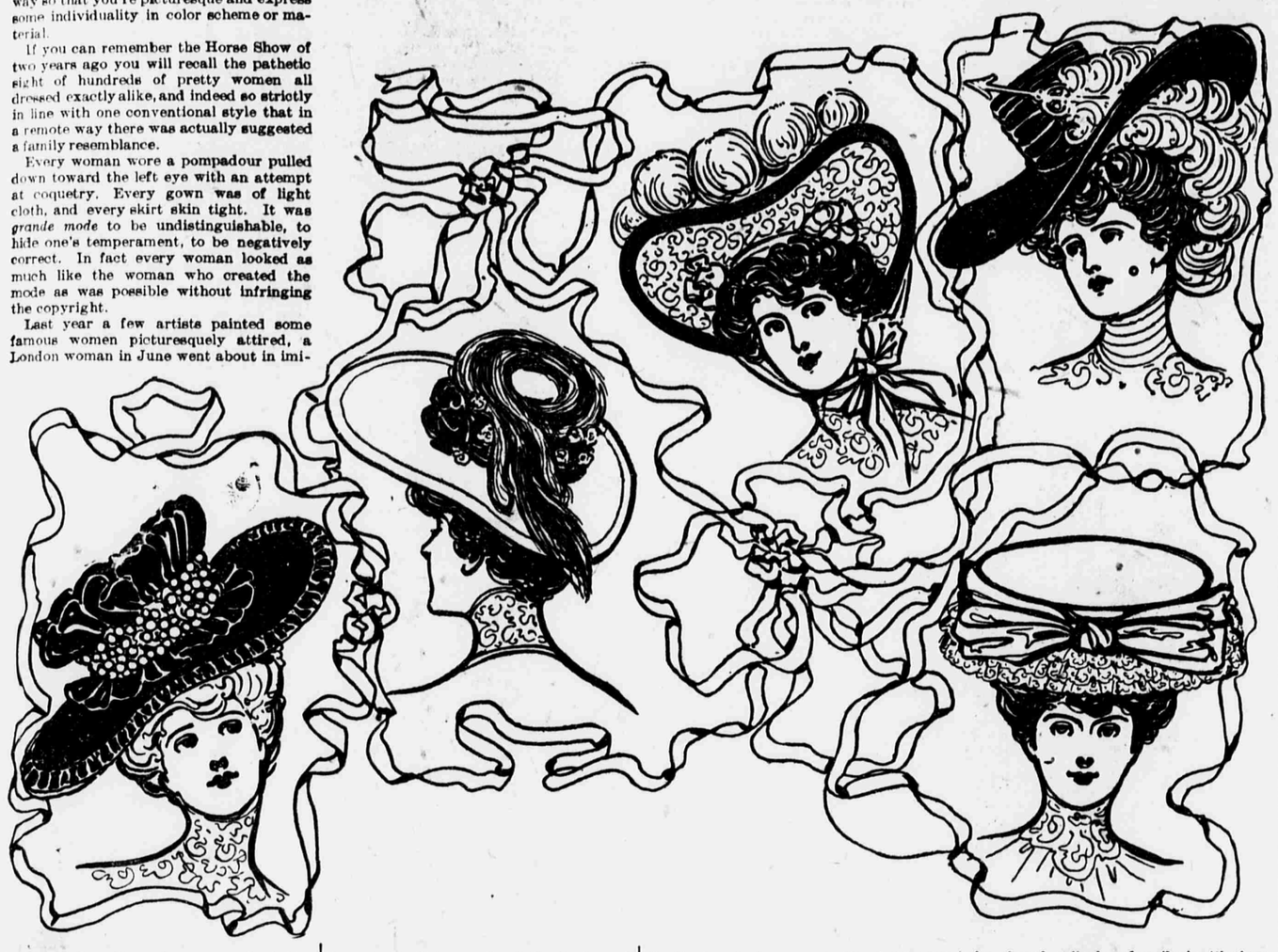
The Victorian bonnet is growing more deliberately old-fashioned. The brim is wider and it flares up and out in a veritable scoop.

The débutante adores it. She has one of shirred white tulle, with a fine frill and a row of plumes nodding over the front of the crown and long streamers of tulle trimmed with quilled lute string ribbon, and inside on the inner edge of the brim just above the ear are two tiny nosegays of small white roses, stemless, as children gather them.

Thin faced women with rather long features, who in a flaring hat feel themselves "skinned and scalped," as one sufferer expressed it, will cordially welcome the very fashionable mushroom shape, with its wide, low crown and flexible brim drooping about the hair with graceful, kindly intention. A very pretty mushroom design has a wide crown of twilight blue velvet with a wide Alsatian bow at the front caught with a buckle of blue crystal and gun metal. The brim is hidden under three frills of lace, which blow up from folds of blue chiffon.

Felts are fashionable in spite of the craze for the made velvet hat. The handsomest are the satin felt, not too stiff, with the brim showing the pleasant outline of the mushroom.

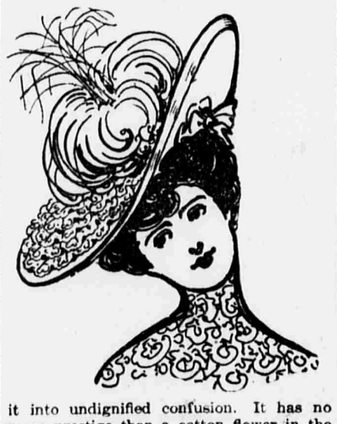
A gray felt has a moderate crown, trimmed with folds of white silk tulle bound about by a rustic fence effect of white lace wired upright. Close to the brim is a twist of white liberty satin ribbon, ending in a full



bow on the brim nearly at the back, and right here the brim droops to the hair with the weight of a cluster of tiny frosted apples. And apples, small and moderately large, in hues quite unknown out of a fairy orchard, are a favorite hat garniture this fall.

A handsome feather used to be a treasured possession for one or more generations. It was treated with respect and placed on the hat in a dignified, upright position But what is tradition to the modern American girl? Just something to be stumbled over once, to be uprooted, smiled at kindly and the fragments scattered by a little humor and a little scorn.

The feather of this season is stood on its head, dragged in and out of crowns and brims, put on the back, under the brim, or backward, so that every breeze blows



it into undignified confusion. It has no more prestige than a cotton flower in the hands of this democratic maid.

Plumes are especially in favor for the fashionable Cavalier hat, which presents wide spaces for trimming. One hat of plum velvet has a crown four inches high, with a wide shirred brim bordered with a plain scalloped band of the velvet.

A reddish plum plume starts on top of the crown, sweeps down the side and disappears through the brim, emerging underneath the float over the hair. All the back underbrim is plume covered. A steel and diamond arrow accompanies the flight of the feather across the crown.

A novel use of fur is shown in showy hats of the new red, which is really a claret shade filtered with sunlight. The crown is a puff of velvet. The upper brim is misty brown tulle, the under brim a wide fold of sable, the fur and tulle bound together by

a puffed band of velvet. The brim at the back is lifted by a mass of roses of claret shade, with rich country cream hearts.

An entirely new hat, that has no pedigree, but is distinctly pretty, has a low bowl top covered with a marabout pompon. The four inch brim curves up with reticent grace at the left. It is covered with row upon row of narrow pleated lace and bound at the edge with Japanese mink.

The bowl hat often has a crown of roses, with fur binding always in effective harmony. The lace is usually pure white.

But little lace will be used on the handsomest hats. Fur and flowers and fur and tulle or embroidery are the swagger things.

An astonishing novelty is shown in a white velvet cavalier hat, of which the pipe crown carries a great display of decoration. First it is entirely covered with flat folds of bright velvet, then the top edge is girdled with a small entire mink knotted at the left, and below the circling mink is a garland of tiny pink and white rosebuds. The brim is untrimmed.

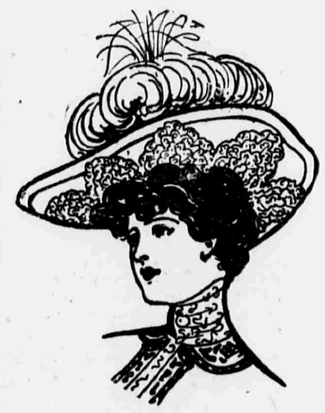
One of the new hats, the Marquis, has no back brim at all, and the wide side brims are rolled up to meet the crown. In a Marquis hat of white the underbrim would be covered with shirred velvet and the crown a mass of tulle and marabout rosettes with a high aigrette to the left of the front. A plume across the front runs through the left brim and hides it.

A striking way of trimming these high Cavalier crowns is with a wide double ruffle. A rich model has a shirred crown top of delicate brown with a double ruffle of acorn brown silk and between the ruffles a wide band of massed grapes, in pale green, purple, red and white. The brim of velvet is laid on flat.

Another Marquis design is of shirred fern green velvet. The brim shows a novel

and very elaborate trimming of jet. Three chains of large glittering jet balls are caught at intervals by large jet cabochons, meeting at the back, where the brim ends, and drooping in pendants over the hair.

Brown more than any other color is seen in the large Cavalier hats, but the new rich fall greens, that sometimes shade down to brown or up to tea rose, are also used. Black is used less than in years, partly because any one hat can be smartly worn with any frock, and partly because black has been used so much in a sentimentally affected way that it has lost prestige.



Picture hats are good style with the plainest frocks and for any time, except travelling, riding or for outdoor sports.

Small Inventions Most Profitable.

From the Portland Oregonion.

"Something homely," said the aged inventor. "Something little, something simple, something cheap. A hook and eye, a toothbrush, a shoe button. Those are the inventions that there is money in.

"Do you know the two inventions that it is conceded have made more than all the others? They are the safety pin and the steel pen. The first gross of steel pens sold for $36. That is twenty-five cents apiece.

"A profitable invention was the baby carriage. A woman originated it, and it netted her $50,000. Nothing like as much, you see, as the safety pin or the steel pen.

"The smaller and the cheaper an invention is the more chance it stands of being a money maker.

"I am working now on an invisible hook and eye and a non-detachable suspender button. I never in my life bothered with any invention that wouldn't slip into my vest pocket."

FEW NURSERY GOVERNESSES.

NOT HALF ENOUGH OF THE UP TO DATE KIND AT HAND.

They Are Expected to Teach Good Manners and Deportment as Well as the Alphabet—Work Light and the Pay Good —Chance for Disappointed Teachers.

There are not enough nursery governesses to go around this year, and the fact is troubling a great many wealthy families.

Once upon a time it was proper for even the most fashionable American mother to spend a good deal of time in the company of her own children. They were allowed free access to her boudoir and sleeping room; she played, talked and walked with them and she personally supervised their diet and their early struggles with the spelling book. Apparently she liked it. At least she seemed to make little or no effort to shirk the duty.

There are stories still extant of one and another grand dame of Bond and Bleecker streets who often by choice accompanied her offspring on an airing, walking along delightedly by the side of a perambulator trundled by a white capped nurse, and who was known to prefer—actually to prefer—to preside at her baby's morning bath.

But these nursery customs antedated the era of the New Woman and a more advanced system of nursery therapeutics. Not many years later only women of comparatively modest social position and still more modest fortune could find time to practise these commonplace nursery customs and cultivate an intimate acquaintance with their own children. Really "smart" women, whatever their inclinations may have been, were obliged to trust their offspring to the care of others or to accept one of two alternatives—to lop off at least three-quarters of their social engagements or run the risk of becoming victims of nervous prostration.

As might be expected, neither alternative would do, therefore it became proper for fashionable youngsters until they were old enough to have a visiting governess or go to school, to be mothered and brought up by a nurse or nurses, whose ability to use a desirable brand of English and to practise the self-control and good manners commonly associated with good society was, as likely as not, quite inferior to their good wishes and desire to please.

A head nurse, an under nurse, and a third nurse to wait on the other two have for some time represented the equipment of many fashionable nurseries, and a nursery authority says that the more numerous the nurses the less frequently does mamma now feel called upon to set foot in the nursery. While from one point of view this is delightful, from another it is less satisfactory. Every now and then uncomplimentary things have been said about the management of the modern nursery, and it has been broadly hinted that it was detrimental to the best mental and moral growth of children; but as these hints came mostly from persons who are not fashionable, fashionable mothers have usually treated them with derisive sniffs.

But some of these very mothers have recently had certain undesirable results of their own particular nursery management forced upon their attention. The other day a pretty young matron while on a hunt for a nursery governess who, she stipulated, must be fairly well educated and acquainted with the habits of good society, told this story at her own expense:

"I have a little girl of 4 and a baby nearly 1 year old. Ever since her birth my little girl has had the same nurse—a dear, faithful, sweet tempered Irish woman, who idolizes her charge and watches her as a cat does a mouse. I trust her absolutely.

"I spent last winter down South, by order of my physician, taking the baby and his nurse along, but leaving the little girl in town with her nurse. Therefore for the last year the child has scarcely been with me at all. The day after I got home she came into my room after breakfast and horrified me by asking:

"Mamma, will you soon be after buying me a big doll?" She also used some other expressions in exact imitation of her nurse's speech. Now I am very fond of Mary and really enjoy her musical brogue, but I can't say that I am anxious to have my child imitate it.

"At her luncheon hour I went up to the nursery, where another surprise awaited me. There sat the youngster calmly stuffing baked potato into her mouth with a knife, Mary making no objection.

"Yes, please do send me a nursery governess at once," she finished.

It goes without saying that a nursery governess is not a newly discovered or created appendage to the nursery. For year she has figured more or less in the education of children of well to do families, but she has never before been expected to fill exactly the rôle she is now asked to take.

Of the up to date nursery governess much is required. She must teach deportment, good manners—that is, the manners most approved in her charge's social set. She must protect her charge from the colloquialisms and diction current in the servants' hall.

Naturally, if at the most formative period children are left solely to the society of servants, their manners and speech will be servantlike. The wealthiest parents have been among the first to find this out, and often the discovery has come with a pang of mortification in the presence of strangers, before whom the youngster is expected to show to good advantage.

So, naturally the supply of nursery governesses by no means meets the applications for them registered on the books of the social requirements agencies.

"By far the most popular governesses," explained the bookkeeper at one agency, "are English Canadians. I have succeeded in placing many of these in New York families this fall. The Canadian woman, as a rule, has a soft, pleasant voice, good pronunciation and agreeable manners. No matter how much schooling a girl may have, unless she has the manners and speech of a gentlewoman she will not be a success as a nursery governess in houses of the rich, where a good deal more is asked of her than to teach a child his letters.

"A rich woman came yesterday for a nursery governess for her four-year-old boy. 'The governess must be a very superior person, indeed,' she said, 'because she must take almost entire charge of the boy except at night, when he shares the nursery with a younger child under the care of a nurse.'

"The duties of a nursery governess?" echoed the agency bookkeeper. "Well, she must take most of her meals with her charge and train him in table manners; she must take him out with her, devise schemes for his pleasure as well as his instruction, and to some extent look after his wardrobe. The duties are more or less exacting, but not disagreeable, her position being far above that of a nurse, no matter how devoted the nurse may be.

"Many well born young women who have failed to find places as teachers are taking up the work and some prefer it to teaching in the public schools. The pay is good—board, lodging and $30 or $35 a month. In fact a nursery governess with tact and good judgment may command a higher salary than that.

"The variety of nursery governess we used to send out was expected to do little more than teach the elementary branches of learning from books. She was seldom asked to begin her work until a child was at least 5 years old, and her wages were only about $20 a month. Nowadays children of 3 often have a nursery governess who, to all intents and purposes, is expected to assume the duties which used to fall to the share of a mother. What is more, she must be up in the new methods of teaching.

"Yes, it does sound as if a sort of paragon was needed, but really almost any ladylike girl who has studied the kindergarten system gets on very well at the work; and if she is fond of children her charge often proves a delight to her and she a boon to him by saving him from overindulgence.

"I have a case of this sort in mind now. The boy was 5 years old, and for health's sake he spent a good part of every day with his governess out of doors. Just as soon as the mother found out that the pair were going to get on well together and that the governess was trustworthy and sensible she told the latter that she could spend all the money she wanted to please her charge, buy him anything he wanted and take him to matinées or to entertainments of any sort that were likely to amuse him. It was a mighty lucky thing that that boy had a sensible woman to save him from his own mother, who, left to herself, would have ruined him in a short time by overindulgence.

"A patron to whom I sent a Canadian nursery governess last spring came in the other day to thank me. She is a very fashionable woman, with a houseful of servants, including two or three nurses for as many children, but never a minute herself to spend with her chilren.

"'Since the governess came,' she told me, 'my little girl, who used to be a perfect vixen and was always having a battle royal with her nurse, has developed the sweetest manners you ever saw. I had her down in the drawing room the other afternoon, and she charmed my visitors with her pretty little ways.

"'What is better yet, the governess is really practical. The other day, when I dreaded the job of finding out from the nurses just what clothes the children would need for the autumn and winter, in walked the governess with a slip of paper in her hand and asked if I could spare her a minute. When I found out what she had done I could have hugged her. There in black and white was a list of just how many available garments both children had to begin the autumn with, which, of course, was all I needed to tell me how many new pieces I must buy. Yes, I could and would trust her to buy the children's clothes, too, only she picks out such plain coats and dresses.'

"Since that young woman went to that place her wages have been raised from $30 to $35 a month, without asking, which shows how much her services are valued.

"Oh, there is a splendid chance for young women of refinement to make a comfortable living and something more in these days if they will only fit themselves for the duties of nursery governess."

Birds That Imitate.

From the Washington Post.

"The roar of the ostrich resembles the roar of the lion because the ostrich stole from the lion this sound, even as one playwright steals from another a plot."

An ornithologist made that odd assertion in a taxidermist's shop. He went on to elaborate it as follows:

"Birds from the ostrich down are imitative. The ostrich, where he lives alone, is silent, but in a country where lions abound he roars. Why? Because for centuries, admiring the majesty and grandeur of the lion's roar, he gradually learned to roar himself. Believe me, it is fine to see an ostrich throw back his little head and emit a roar like thunder.

"Buntings imitate pipits, and greenfinches imitate yellowhammers. They seek their food in the winter together, and they gradually steal each other's calls.

"The jay is an insatiable imitator. Some jays will include in their repertory not only the whoo-oo of the kite, the scream of the buzzard and the hoot of the owl, but also the bleat of the lamb and the neigh of a horse.

"Even the nightingale imitates. In a nightingale's perfect song I have often heard the tip-sip-sisisis of the woodwarbler and the bub-ub-ubble of the nuthatch."

Modern Ways Introduced Into Japan.

From the London Times.

If you but try to look at a tiny hand of any girl in a well-to-do family of present day Japan—a hand coming out of a scarlet lined sleeve—you will easily find a jewelled ring or rings on her fingers. Jewels we had none before, but we prize them just the same. As to the wearing of rings, even gentlemen are often seen with a thick gold ring made out of an old Japanese coin called "koban." The study of the introduction of a new custom is interesting.

In the case of "snow white pillows," they were first used in hospitals, where we adopted everything from the West as it was. We did not have sheets for our beds along with that, but cleanness recommended itself to the Japanese, and the custom was readily followed by those who took a fancy to it.

As to kissing, it is rather delicate to touch on, but it cannot be dismissed with a general statement that "in affection and love the Japanese are outwardly undemonstrative." All depends upon circumstances. Generally speaking, we shun the eyes of the public to be demonstrative, or to seek the occasion when all can join with us. Kissing as practised in the West is still strange to us, but no one who knows about it would wonder if a young couple of modern Japan should take to it to express their love.

Styles in Women's Boots and Oxfords.

From the Shoe Retailer.

Flat bottoms and wide outside extensions will be the vogue in many of the newest styles in oxfords and boots. White kid will be much used for women's oxfords, because it doesn't soil, is easy in making and makes up neater than canvas or suede.

One and a quarter and 1¾ inch heels will be the big sellers, while many good judges claim that lower heels will probably sell better than they have for some seasons. Patent colt, patent kid and patent calf will be the favored shiny leathers—ranking in the order given.

LONDON LIKES OUR SHOW GIRLS

HOW THEY WIN SOCIAL SUCCESS THERE, AND WHY.

They Need No Chaperons and They Are Never Dull—But a Great Change Comes Over Their Exuberance By and By —Thumb Rings and Make-up Eschewed.

The news that another graduate from the chorus is soon to be married to a wealthy English nobleman will doubtless send another cargo of show girls from the Rialto to the Strand in the spring. Ever since one conspicuous instance which sent a girl playing an inconspicuous rôle to the first rank and later to stardom in musical comedy the tendency of the chorus maiden has been Londonward.

For some reason the American chorus girl is marvellously popular in the British capital. While all do not achieve stellar fame, they are nevertheless the objects of a great deal of attention of a different sort from that offered to them here.

The refining effect of London upon the chorus girl is one of the things most wonderful to contemplate. She no sooner wins any sort of success abroad than she sets up a small establishment of her own with two or three servants, all of which is as possible as a flat with one colored maid in New York, and no show girl worth a thought is content with anything less in the way of a home once her name appears in print on the programme.

The first noticeable change in the American chorus girl in London is the English accent and style she immediately adopts. She no longer chews gum or wears rings on her thumbs. She ceases to wear make-up in the street and becomes the most demure of young women.

Her ankle-length skirt and her French heels disappear. She puts on a long trailing dress and a frilly hat. She drives about in a hansom and scorns to walk in the Strand as she would on Broadway. Her glance is downcast and discreet. By and by she ties her hat under her chin and carries a little dog or cat with her when she goes out.

She drinks tea ostentatiously at the hotels, and after the play you will see her supping in the dining rooms of the Savoy, the Carlton or the Cecil grill room.

The reason for the social success of the American chorus girl is not so much her superiority over the English girl, but the fact that her training and position allow her to go about escorted by a man and without a chaperon. Then the usual London chorus girl is not so interesting as the New York variety.

It is rumored that if you wander behind the scenes at a Drury Lane show you may see the native chorus girl frying bacon over a gas stove, perhaps darning stockings or quieting a crying baby while she waits to go on with her glittering associates.

The London chorus maiden is wretchedly paid and usually badly fed. She has none of the joyous and debonair quality usually in evidence wherever a gathering of these young women is encountered in upper Broadway even when they are looking for places and have little in the way of cash or clothing to make them happy.

So when the American type of show girl appears in London with her joyous manner, her slang, her good appetite and her usually generous share of good looks she is popular at once. No prejudice forbids her accepting an invitation to supper or luncheon alone with an escort, yet her manner on such occasions is quite correct, so far as the essentials are concerned. She is a new type to the Londoner, and so she becomes popular.

One reason for the refining influence of London on the New York chorus maiden is that women do not go about alone there as in New York. The spectacle of women dining unescorted is rarely seen, except in one or two restaurants where no woman of reputation ventures. Once in a while two or three American women will storm the citadel of some famous restaurant, but they will be at once put down as Americans by the English men and women present.

Another cause for the social success of the chorus girl abroad is that actors of both sexes stand higher in England than in America. The singers and actors who are asked to sing and recite at the most exclusive London houses are not only well paid, but are frequently introduced as distinguished guests. This is in direct contradiction of the fashion set by a Newport hostess who had the supper for the members of a theatrical company who performed for her guests served in the servants' hall.

CALL OF THE WILD GEESE

Takes Farmer Burton's Flock of Half Breeds Southward.

BRENHAM, Tex., Oct. 8.—Charles Burton, a farmer living near here, lost a fine flock of fifteen geese a few days ago as the result of "the call of the wild" to them. One day last winter while he was duck hunting on the San Felipe, a flock of wild geese settled down on the water near his blind. He fired and crippled the wing of a big gander.

With the aid of his retriever Mr. Burton captured the wounded fowl and carried it home. He doctored the injured wing and the gander soon revived. By clipping his feathers he was prevented from flying and he took up with Mr. Burton's flock of tame geese.

Mr. Burton's geese brought forth a large spring brood and they thrived exceedingly. The wild blood in some of the goslings was plainly discernible, but in their habits they had all the characteristics of the tame goose.

It was not until a week or two ago that any marked difference between the actions of the half-breeds and of the pure blooded geese was noticed. A certain nervousness seemed to come over the half-breeds when the first chill in the fall air reached them from the north. They continued to be perfectly tame and were always on hand at feeding time, morning and evening. They had shown little disposition to use their wings, although the few short flights they had taken about the place showed that they had inherited the native strength of wing of their hardy sire from the far north.

The first real "norther" of the season struck this part of the country a few days ago. As is always the case it marked the beginning of the arrival of the first wild ducks and geese from the north. Mr. Burton, out feeding his geese, heard the distant call of wild geese. He looked about him and far to the northeast he saw coming in his direction a large flock of the feathered visitors.

The calls of the migrating fowls came nearer and nearer. He looked at his flock of half-breeds and was surprised to see that they had stopped eating and were listening intently to the strange call that came down to them from above. Suddenly the half-breeds began to answer. Then they raised their wings and soared away, direct to the migrating flock, forming in line behind the leader as naturally as could be. The last Mr. Burton saw of them they were headed for the Gulf of Mexico. He has no hope of seeing them again.